produced nothing. — In the afternoon slept, wrote to the Sorma. Did some errands. Met Marcel at the dentist's door and returned to Auteuil with him. This evening worked on *La Porte etroite.*

*20 October*

Yesterday spent almost the whole afternoon writing to Haguenin about the staging of *Candaule* in Germany. Last year he had asked me for some bibliographical details to furnish the substance of an article; I am sending them to him. Dined at Paul Laurens's after having spent some moments with Copeau.

I am keeping this journal without pleasure, as an exercise and without any care for the interest I may ever take in rereading it.

This morning I go to meet Dumont-Wilden (whom I do not yet know) at the Salon d'Automne. Four times I bump into Sert, infinitely anxious to know what people think of his painting.

Very joyful meeting with Charles Chanvin, whom I hadn't seen in five years. No embarrassment; a totally unaffected pleasure.

The Maus, always the same, cordial, frantic, and vain, How beautiful the Carpeaux are!

Very nondescript and very expensive lunch at the restaurant on the corner of the Champs-filysees and the rue—(Montaigne or avenue Matignon?) with the very likable Dumont-Wilden.

Visited, without learning anything, the Italian pointfllists or divisionists. Returned, worn out, for a short nap and work.

*24 October*

Again snowed under. Worked yesterday from morning until two o'clock on a letter to Haguenin intended to facilitate and favor his zeal. He talks of presenting my work in Berlin. He talks well. I am beginning to be tired *of not being;* as soon as a great enthusiasm does not sustain me, I struggle. Wounded vanity has never produced anything that matters, but at times my pride suffers from a real despair. And I live certain days as if in the nightmare of the man who was walled up alive in his tomb. Frightful state, which it is good to know, to have

known. I shall write about it later when I have got out of it.
No news from Berlin, where they *must* play me before the 28th.
I think of Keats. I tell myself that two or three passionate admirations like mine would have kept him alive. Useless efforts, I feel at times all *wilted* by the silence.

*Late October*

Called to Pau for the death of Marcel Gilbert

*My dear friend," Claudel would say to Jammes, *when, after having lived for many years in the love of God, I succumbed as you know to the